**The hot land: Africa!!**

**Lost. Where the heck am I? In a pot I reckon! Oh no Im just in Africa. I was covered in disgusting rags, trying to strengthen my weaknesses. I tried with all my might to heave my weak body up off the sandy ground. Ouch! I thumped myself onto the rock solid ground. I had zero percent strength whatsoever. The sand was steaming hot – even hot enough to fry an egg! This is a Neverending trail! I am still crawling as like an ill caterpillar, meanwhile my body was getting dragged all the way to the limit.**

**As I decided to gaze up, I saw around me, abandoned shops Made out of rags of as like they were teared off old citizens clothing. As for me, I heaved my body just inch by inch further. The boiling sun glistened in to my eyes.**

**Clutching onto my water bottle, which was empty, I concluded that I would use my body as a cure. I tried and I tried. As my strength dragged lower, my hydration became worse and worse. Still crawling, my skin was red with sunburn. My smelly rags were collecting sand as I saw nothing but my own sweaty body. My eyes were beginning to shut.**

**The boiling sun was like it wanted to be shining in my face – it wouldn’t have any feelings anyway! The sandy ground was buring my body to shreds! I was so exhausted, hot , miserable and everything that gives me depression is happening. I JUST WANNA DIE! TO PERISH AND TRANSFORM INTO A BANDAGED MUMMY!!!!! And so. I swallowed my water bottle. It was my only choice. Of course it was very chewy and I would’ve died! And that’s exactly what happened. It was the end…**

**OF MY LIFE ONCE AGAIN.**

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